

# The Grunt Rebellion

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Summary: The Grunts aboard Peaceful Cooperation are sick of being cannon fodder, so when they hear of a planet below that is like their homeworld, they start a rebellion and land on the surface. But little did they know an old friend was their also.....

## 1. Chapter 1

Author's Notes: This is the first story I have written so any suggestions on how I could improve would be appreciated. If you could also review it I would like that too. Thanks for reading.

**\*\*The Grunt Rebellion\*\***

**\*\*Chapter one\*\***

The space surrounding Installation 02 boiled in a green node of light as "Peaceful Cooperation" exited from slipspace. The ship was only 2 kilometers long but housed over 2000 Grunts, 530 Elites, and another 300 Covenant. Yimep was one of the 2000 grunts on board and was stationed in the control room helping the crew piloting the ship. Just ten units after exiting slipspace around 50 Elites were sent down to the surface of Installation 02, one of just seven Halo's. Yimep assumed they would be looking for the Sacred Icon on the ring world. Even though the Covenant believed that the icon would send them on "The Great Journey" and reunite them with their gods, all it would do was kill every creature within 25 light years of it.

When the Elites returned via a Phantom Yimep was surprised to see the Oracle

"Hello, I am oh-oh-four-nine Contrite Intent, the monitor of Installation zero-two. If you could please return me to the Installation, I must continue my repairs on the Enforcer reporting station. They will be needed to control the outbreak on the surface of the..."

An Elite grabbed him and took him away through a door. Some other Elite yelled out at that time about the planet that the Halo was orbiting. Although Yimep couldn't make out all the words, he knew he heard that it was called Tri-something like the grunt's home world with breathable methane and sulfur vents. As his thoughts drifted of to a world without methane tanks and ranks, he was slapped on the head and was sent to inform the grunts they would be going to go fight the parasite on the ring.

As he shuffled down the hallway his thoughts returned to the planet. 'Maybe I could steal a drop ship and live down there...' he was thinking as he entered the lift to the lower decks. 'I could stash some food, get some others to help me, the Elites wouldn't care about a few grunts, right?'. He walked into the airlock and waited for it to fill with methane before taking his mask off and opening the other door.

"Attention everyone," he said a small group of about 300 looked at him. "The Elites have decided that we will get the privilege to go to the surface and to try to hold the parasite at bay so the Elites can get the Sacred Icon." The room went up in uproar as protests were shouted.

"Face the parasite! That's suicide!"

"Let the Elites go down!"

"How about we just kill ourselves now."

"We should just blow the ring to hell!"

As Yimep heard this he saw the chance he needed. If he told them about the planet, it could start a rebellion. Well, another rebellion. The first one was stopped by an Arbiter, but being so far away from the prophets, they couldn't get an Arbiter or in fact any reinforcements here in time. So he yelled out again for their attention.

"There is a way out of a rather unpleasant fate of being consumed by the Flood. The planet the ring is orbiting, called Tri-something, is just like our home world. If we could overpower the Elites we could steal enough drop ships to get us all onto the surface!"

"But Yimep, what if they send other troops down?" Timel, a gunner Grunt and Yimep's lifelong friend, yelled out among the excitement of the growing crowd.

"Then they can wear the breathing gear. It will be an easier fight if we can get to the surface, more-so if we can get some Banshees and Wraiths."

As the Grunts planed out how to capture the drop ships, how to outwit the Elites, and how to defend their new home a battle was already started. A battle between machine and nature.

## 2. Chapter 2

Rilu 'Tamulsi walked across the control room looking from panel to panel. As he walked past checking the engine status he saw that the

slip space drive was offline. He ordered it to be fixed as he checked the video feed from the cameras. What he saw made him shiver. There were around 100 Grunts unloading plasma into the engine coils. He briefly considered venting the atmosphere where the grunts were but decided instead to just send a strike team down there. 'The explosive decompression could tear the fragile coils apart', he thought to himself. As he quickly searched through the cameras for more Grunt activity he had just enough time to say "Lock the do..." before it burst open and a wave of plasma destroyed his shields and melted his flesh.

All over the ship Grunts were attacking. Most of the attacks were held off long enough so the Elites could escape while the Jackals took the fire.

"Sir, we control the engines, control room, hangers 1, 2, 3, 5, and 8. We also have begun to depart and already 150 of our brothers are away."

"Thank you Timel." Yimep said as he viewed the screens Rilu 'Tamulsi was moments before his death. "Order all Grunts to evacuate the ship and head for this point here..", pointing to a location on the map display. "That area has a large building that we can use to hold back the Elites." As Timel left the room he began to regret this whole idea. Already he had seen carnage worse than he had ever heard of, the walls painted a awful black, purple, green, and blue. He quickly departed for Hanger 3, which had a Phantom loaded with a faster-than-normal engine. If he was going into hell, he wanted to get there fast.

"How did I get stuck up here..." Yiyap asked himself as he walked down to the hanger. He had been tasked with leading the 150 Grunts that had to hold the ship until the others got off. Even when they did leave, he had to stay and put the ship into a collision course with the planet. At least then the Covenant might think they just crashed. He was about to ask Yimep as he walked by if he had anything else for him to do when he saw the green glow.

Tilon Hasn Pansu launched a plasma bolt at the leader of the rebellion but another of the vermin got in the way. He was about to fire again but he heard his bond brother, Dulet Hasn Messa, roar out in pain. His stream of plasma lanced across the hallway and right into a row of boxes along the wall. Tilon turned to see the culprit but only saw his brothers corpse. He slowly made his way to a hanger not controlled by the vermin and swore his revenge on Yimep.

Yemep, feeling the blast from the Hunter's arm mounted gun on his back rushed to the Phantom as it roared to life and launched out of the bay. The space around Peaceful Cooperation was on fire with plasma blasts from Phantoms and Seraph fighters. Every now and then long streaks of white hot gas reached out from the ship and cut down a battle formation the Elites were using. As he watched all this he noticed something else. 300 Orbital Insertion pods were being launched from the ship, all headed for the location he had pointed out. He told the pilot to gun the engines until they gave out if he had too, but Yimep needed to get to the surface.

The close call with the Hunters was too close, and the sooner he got on solid ground the better.

The battle on the surface had started already between small groups of Grunts and Elites.

Some of the more foolish Elites rushed out of the drop ships and died by suffocating on the methane atmosphere. The ones wearing breathing gear quickly radioed for assistance and were rewarded by 300 crop pods cutting through the air. They were in a tough position though. Out numbered 400 to 1500 in an environment they had never fought in, with no information on the enemy's situation, and with only a limited supply of weapons and air and no way to get more.

But somewhere else a different battle was being waged with even worse odds. On side outnumbered the other 20,000 to 1. And the sentinels losing to the waves of Flood.

### 3. Chapter 3

**\*\*Chapter three\*\***

Yimep was flying low over the surface of Trinetaslu, brown sulfur vents gushing up from land that rushed past them.

"Over the next ridge is the HQ. We should be there soon.", the pilot said as he checked the dashboard. Yimep looked out the side as he saw several Wraith tanks preparing for battle. 'If they get to the base, we won't stand a chance.' he thought as he ordered the pilot to turn around and fire on the Wraiths. The ship creaked as it made a U-turn and headed straight at the tanks. One of them started to move before it was engulfed in the wave of gas and fire that shot from the Phantoms three turrets.

The Grunts, being without breathing gear, could move much faster than normal. That, and the fact that the opposition needed the heavy, cumbersome breathing machines let the Grunts win most of the minor frays. But the Elites and Brutes had gotten almost fifty Wraiths, Banshees, and Ghosts off. The Grunts managed only one Wraith, seven Banshees, and two Specters, and they couldn't use them as well as their Elite counter-parts. But what they did have was fifty-two shade turrets mounted along the walls.

Timel, one of the first to reach Omega Base, the name of the Grunt's HQ, was coordinating the defense of the ancient structure. The main wall was crumbling but the inner wall held up over the eons. Moss grew on most of the surfaces and gave them a ghostly green tint. Inside the inner wall laid several rooms three stories high. Several search teams were sent out to find lost men and supplies.

But so far the only thing they found was a door about 20 meters from the actual building. The door stood 7 meters high and had strange encryptions carved into the rock. The markings looked like a Forerunner language but no-one could figure out what it said except for the words "contains", "sacred", "damnation", and "soul-less". So they put a guard around it to make sure it wouldn't be opened and let whatever was in it out. It was hidden from the main base by a line of bushes and rocks.

The Elite forces had saved eight tanks and two dozen banshees. But they still couldn't approach the filthy heretics without being burnt into oblivion by the shade turrets mounted along the walls. They had

sent several Brutes under the command of Nasafu to find a back entrance into the base. Unfortunately, that decision would be everyone's downfall.

Yimep's Phantom hovered 10 meters off the surface while Grunts flowed down from the grav-lift. Yimep viewed out over the landscape. The land was covered in an aqua-green grass, large vents splitting the ground and sending sulfur a hundred meters up. Thunder rolled around in the skies through the dirty orange clouds. He could only imagine what was going on up there on Peaceful Cooperation.

Nasafu had come within about twenty five meters of the base when he spotted a door guarded by several Grunts. After disposing of them he and three other Brutes strained to open the door. Once they heaved it open they stared in horror as their leader was covered from head to toe in Infection forms. The Brutes tried to run but they were overwhelmed.

The small green parasites came out by the thousands and swarmed over the plains in every direction. The Shade turrets opened up and wave after wave of Flood fell, but each one was replaced immediately. Timel couldn't do anything but watch the horror. The Elites and Brutes were in the same situation, holding them back with Banshees and Wraith fire. But even if they held the line back for now, both sides knew they couldn't win.

Off in the distance another army was heading for the battle field. The 2000 Sentinels and 150 Enforcers would be a help, until the Flood were gone, then they would turn their attacks on the invaders.

#### 4. Chapter 4

Author's Notes: This is the last chapter but if I can't find another good Idea I may make a sequel that involves the Flood and maybe the Humans...

#### **\*\*Chapter four\*\***

The Battle was huge, with Infection forms flying every which way through the air, hoping

to find a host before being destroyed, their innards boiled away, by a ball of plasma. The Grunts were holding them back for now with the aid of the Shade turrets, but there was no sign of the onslaught ending soon. The Elites, however, were in a much worse position. Having retreated into a box canyon they thought they would only have to defend the opening. But the parasite had started flowing in over the sides and many of the Covenant's finest warriors now lay immobilized, slowly transforming into the twisted creature they had longed to wipe from the galaxy. Both sides had given up hope when they heard the roar coming over the plains.

The machines raced to help exterminate the creatures and parasite. Over 2,000 Sentinels and 150 Enforcers hovered en masse led by 0049 Contrite Intent. As the army of machines rose over a hill they fired.

Timel was looking out over the battle with increasing worries. The Flood were living upto their name as the piles of the bodies reached

over three meters tall. As he went to ask Yimep for advice the sky filled with fire. Timel had to shield his eyes to see what was causing the blinding light. When he saw the army of Sentinels he let out a scream and ran to inform Yimep.

"Sir, there... there is another army advancing the field!" Timel yelled out as he entered the room where Yimep sat.

"What do you mean? Reinforcements?"

"No, the Holy Warriors of the rings. Maybe 1,000, maybe more."

Yimep rushed out to see the battle and was shocked to see that the combined beams from the Sentinels had melted the dirt and rock within two meters of the door, sealing it in a three meter thick slab of glass. But they soon turned their attention on the Elites and soon they were gone also. Yimep knew that if he didn't do something the Grunts would be next. He was about to order his men to fire when he heard a familiar humming.

"Hello, I am oh-oh-four-nine Contrite Intent, the monitor of Installation zero-two. You are very lucky to be alive, but I am afraid I must change that. Do not worry though, I will assure that your deaths will be quick and somewhat painless."

"No! Wait, please don't kill us, we just wish to live in peace on this planet." Yimep said pleading as he slowly backed away into a computer panel.

"I am sorry, but protocol does not allow any sentient life to be accessible to the Flood. You must be eliminated as potential hosts. So I shall bid you farewell and wish you the quickest death possible. Now I must leave before I am trapped in here with you. Goodbye."

"Look! Can't we make you a deal. Our ship is in orbit right now, and I can use the panel behind me to... to have it pick us up." As Yimep finished saying this he quickly typed in some commands.

"I am sorry, but that too would be against protocol. I can not risk the Flood getting aboard your vessel and leaving the system. Now I must leave, and that is it. For the last time, goodbye."

"Close the door!" Timel ordered as the thick wooden door slammed shut. "Now if we go to hell, we're taking you with us!"

"This... this is ridiculous. Let me out at once! I... I... I will be forced to kill you! You can not escape your fate! You are going to die, by them or by me!" He slammed down into Timel's chest, crushing him. The other Grunts fired at the Oracle but it didn't have any affect. Contrite Intent was about to start talking again when a deafening roar outside.

The few Covenant left on board the "Peaceful Cooperation" felt the ship break apart as it re-entered the atmosphere. The hull glowed a bright orange white as it boiled away in the intense heat. The hulk of metal created a thick black line across the sky as it streaked downward.

All the Grunts gathered outside to face the enemy one last time. The

turrets opened fire as plasma sliced through the air. But before the Sentinels could react, they were swallowed within the giant ball of metal and fire.

The sky turned red, and at first they all thought the other side was firing but when they saw the cloud of dust they knew what happened. After the moment of awe passed they turned their attention to something else. With the Monitor trapped in the room and everyone out, five Grunts stood at the entrance with Fuel Rod Cannons. When they opened they all fired, glassing the room, and deactivating Contrite Intent.

Five Years Later...

They no longer call themselves Grunts, but Unggoy, their true name. They have prospered and have not heard anything from the Covenant or Flood. For them all is good in the world.

End  
file.